

“The World Is an Egg” – Akintunde A. Olasupo

Oval in shape,
siting on the nest of Creation,
hatched by the very fingers which moulded it:
the world is an egg.

Fragile in form,
comely in content,
made from the vacuity of darkness:
the world is an egg.

Formed by the Word,
warmed by the Light,
borne by the pillars of providence:
the world is an egg.

Scarce in quantity,
spacious in quality,
a home away from home:
the world is an egg.

Its dwellers stole fire,
outside of its hearth,
the harbinger of death and doom:
the world is an egg.

Its own fire they abandon,
bringing in some strange fire,
on their altar of passion and pride:
the world is an egg.

Its shell their fire has lacerated,
exposing its beauty and bliss,
to the starkness of its outer world:
the world is an egg.

Can there be another egg,
siting on the nest of Creation,
hatched by the very fingers of the Creator?
the world is an egg.